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Poetical.

From Chamber's Edinburg Journal.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

I can see that I grow older,
And I note it day by day!
I can feel my heart grow colder
As its pleasures pass away.
At the tell-tale glass I linger,
As with faded eye I trace
Solemn tokens which Time's finger
Has engraven on my face.

But one moment can restore me
To my boyhood and my prime,
And sweet memories come o'er me
Of that brief but blessed time:
Then I hear a father's blessing,
And I feel a mother's kiss,
And again I am caressing
One that has shared with me my bliss.

Who shall say the Past must perish
'Neath the Future's coming waves?
When the Soul delights to cherish
From Oblivion's depths it saves?
Looking backward, on I'm gliging,
Till I reach that final shore
Where the Present is abiding,
And where Change shall come no more.

Miscellaneous

COMING DOWN.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter began to live with a fortune; they had one of the finest houses in town, and of course, it was the most fashionable quarter, and furnished with all the elegance and luxury which minister to taste and comfort. In short, they had a great house, a great deal of furniture, a great many servants, and a great many clothes. They had fine horses and carriages, a fine conservatory and fine pictures, and were, in all respects, fine people. They gave splendid entertainments; had traveled at home and abroad; gave and received presents; visited all the fashionable resorts in the summer, and in the winter made life one round of what is termed pleasure. Mrs. Dexter was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and lived as she had been educated to live, as she supposed was proper for a woman of her position and fortune to live. Her baby was in the nursery—well cared for, she knew, and yet it caused her no little anxiety that she was unable to see it oftner than once or twice a day—her engagements were so numerous they would not allow it.

Busy and weary, and worn were they, neither happy themselves of causing happiness to others. They were, of course, a good deal envied and disliked, and suffered not a little from unfriendly suspicions. It is one of the penalties of prosperities that it enables even our best friends to see all the defects of our character, and sometimes to imagine faults and failings of which, in reality, we are guiltless.

"Why is it that we are so bored to death?" said Mr. and Mrs. Dexter. Nothing seems fresh and pleasant; and surely we ought to be happy if anybody is—we possess largely the means of happiness."

So they turned and overturned their affairs; counted the rooms of their houses, the number of their wardrobes, and scrutinized their furniture; but they were only the more and more puzzled. In all the lists of their fashionable acquaintances they think of but one family who had ample means or lived more stylish than themselves. They had once or twice seen a finer coach than their own, tho' seldom more splendid horses, a few costlier entertainments they had attended than they were able to give, but not many; and no lady wore finer jewels or brocades than Mrs. Dexter.

They were not admired much, it is true, and she sometimes thought her taste in selecting must be at fault; but not so, that Mrs. Dexter should wear silks and diamonds were a matter of course—and so of course, they gave nobody either pleasure or surprise, and least of all himself.

Fire blazing before them, and mirrors flashing behind, they sat in their fine houses and wondered why they were not happy, and concluded that they could not be possessed of that amount of wealth that insured happiness, for in no other way could they account for the humbrum of life they lived.

They did not sleep well at night—why, they could not guess, unless it was the fault of their beds; they must have more luxurious ones, if in any part of the world they were to be obtained. They had little appetite; the cook must be to blame; they employ another; entertainments do not entertain them, and visiting and visitors were alike tiresome. If they had wealth enough to do just as they would like to do, they would surely baffle the demon of ennui that so tormented them now.

The chances of speculation were turned over, and Mr. Dexter was not long in selecting one which he thought promised well So sure were they of favorable results, that they concluded it would be foolishness to wait for the actual realization of their wealth that was almost within their reach and so at once drew upon a visionary capital. To their surprise, happiness refused to come, despite their golden bidding. From their splendid entertainments they retired more weary than before, from their softer beds arose more languid and listless, and in their dazzling coach rode with no more ease and comfort than formerly; the French cooks failed to suit their appetites, and merchants and milliners were alike unsuccessful in their attempts to meet their wishes. At the end of a year of most extravagant dissipation, there came a crash in the affairs of Mr. Dexter. From heedlessness or mismanagement, or both, the late venture proved an utter failure, and dragged after it to ruin, cooks coaches and all.

"What can be done?" said Mr. and Mrs. Dexter. And of course, the conclusion was anything but coming down. Truth must be smothered and credit kept good. So thousands were borrowed, and sent searching after the lost thousands, and for awhile the Dexters moved in splendor and gaiety, and were to outward appearances greatly to be envied; but in their hearts they felt very much as if standing on dry boards that for a moment suppressed the fires of an earthquake.

"What shall we do?" said both Mr. and Mrs. Dexter, when no money could be borrowed. They did not know; they only felt anything, anything but coming down.

What would all their fashionable friends say, and how they would be avoided—that was what they dreaded more than any privation they would have to endure.

They could devise no plan of action; but in their efforts to keep up a little longer there came a sensation of dodging and hiding, of promising and postponing, of evasion and almost secret starvation. They grew thin and haggard; their fine clothes looked like fine rags, or nearly so, and the pinch of penury showed so plainly on their faces that any further attempt at concealment was hopeless.

Poor Mrs. Dexter looked like a little white paper woman, with a kind of smile painted on her lips, for you might see plainly enough it did not spring from her heart, and it seemed that a breath of wind would drift her away as easily as the froth from the milk pail.

Half a dozen scanty fed fires were burning in the house, when Mrs. Dexter seated herself by one of them in mute and hopeless despair. Night fell, and the heavy curtains made it doubly night within the room. The door opened stealthily, and her husband, like a snow drift, still and cold came to her side.

"My dear wife:" he said pleasantly, "I would not mind that terrible calamnity but for you." His voice faltered, and he put his arm about her neck with a tenderness of manner that she was not at all used to, though he had always been kind and indulgent. Her heart had never stirred as it then did, when she heard him say, "Here is a thousand dollars, my dear." There actually came a faint color to her cheek, and teal smile to the lip where the false one had been so long. The happiness of that moment was all the lost fortune. "My good, noble husband," she said, "you must not suffer on my account. I am equal to any fortune as long as you love me;" and the hands she laid on his forehead were like a pleasant healing dew, and her kiss on his cheek made him richer than he had ever been.

The shell of fortune in which they had been living was broken, and they saw, for the first time, that there was a great world outside of it. The anticipated misery of coming down lessened wonderfully when they stood up and faced it.

All the fine furniture was sold, the French cooks dismissed, dressing maids were sent away. Mrs. Dexter herself took charge of the baby, and half the houses let. One servant and a small carriage were all the luxuries they reserved for themselves.

All day after the coming down, Mr. Dexter kept out of the house; he could not bear to see his wife deprived of the elegancies to which she had been used; he could not bear to see her tears—to hear, perhaps, her reproaches.

With a slow and heavy step he approached his home, like him who

"Lingering raised his latch at eve,
Though tired in heart and limb;
Who loved no other place, and yet
Home was no home to him."

Two or three times he passed and repassed his own door, without courage to enter; but seeing one of his former friends approaching, he chose the least of the two evils and went in. Along the dark hall and up the stairs he groped his way; opened the door of his wife's chamber, approached the bed, and parting the curtains, passed his hand softly along it, for he expected to find his wife ill and weeping, he had found her so many a time, in consequence of the failing of a new dress or not to come home at a certain hour. She was not there, however, and half afraid she had gone home to her mother, he descended to the little back room which was now parlor, sitting room and all. Feeling for the latch of the door, he groaned audibly, and as by magic, the door flew open, and his wife stood beside him, smiling and bright cheeked, and with such sweet words of welcome as he had never heard her speak till then. The baby sat crowning his gladness in the cradle, and the fire threw its bright gleam over the china of the table—all was neat and orderly, even tastefully arranged; and as Mr. Dexter looked around, he felt all the pride of a young husband on coming into his own house for the first time.

To the plain but good and sufficient supper both did ample justice; the husband had not eaten the accustomed luncheon that day, and earned what he seldom had before—an appetite.

The next day came a trial—some trifling articles must be bought, and Mr Dexter must drive the small open carriage himself.

"I will wear my morning dress and veil" said Mrs. Dexter, for she saw that her husband was mortified for her sake; so they set forth together. The sun shone brightly, and the fresh air and various shows of the streets and windows were so exhilerating in their effects, that Mrs. Dexter threw back her veil, regardless of the astonished looks of the ladies she might meet. It was a new sensation of delight to her husband to manage the horses, and both felt what superfluities coach and coachman had been. Affairs went on very well for a time; they felt as rid of a great burthen, and in earnest and hopeful labor, experienced no depression and no pain. But so deeply involved were they, that another coming down must be made. Horses and carriages must be sold, and themselves left nothing in the world but their hearts and hands.

"My dear, sweet wife, what can I say to comfort you?" said Mr. Dexter, when he had made a confession of their extreme poverty.—And he added sighing and sinking down helplessly, "things could not be worse than they are."

"I am glad to hear," said Mrs. Dexter laughing outright' "for as nothing in the world remains stationary, our affairs must grow better from necessity."

"But my dear, what can we do?" sorrowfully ejaculated the husband.

"Why," she replied, "begin to live independent of burdens and restrictions. For my part, I just begin to see someting to live for."

And drawing the easy chair to the fire, and placing the baby on his knee, she proposed to make for her husband a cup of tea, and a piece of toast, in the hopes of reviving his spirits.

There was neither bread nor tea in the house and worse than all no money.

"Surely then," said Mrs. Dexter, looking earnestly in the face of her husband, "there's no time to be lost," and putting on her shawl and bonnet, she was presently gone from the house. When she returned it was with a glow on her cheek that heightened her beauty far more than paint and powder had ever done. She had been selling her diamonds, and had brought home money enough to buy a cottage and ten acres of land within a few miles of the city where they had always lived.

A year went by, and as Mr. Dexter looked about his neat, well ordered house, as he sat before the blazing hickory logs, a pitcher of milk, and a basin of shining apples on the table beside him, and saw his wife in a pretty chintz, making the tea, and his boy, bright-eyed and healthy, rocking himself in the cradle with a look of pride that he was already able to do something for himself, he was surprised at his own happiness, and exclaimed: "Really, my dear, I should never have learned half your excellent qualities, and consequently never have loved you half so well, but for our coming down."

"Coming down," indeed!" she replied, and putting down the smoking tea pot, she wiped the happy tears from her eyes: "I never was so happy in all my life. It is as if we had removed a great heap of rubbish, and had struck a vein of gold; for what were all our useless forms, all our servants and equipage but so many obstacles in the way of knowing each other? Then there was nothing that I could do for you—now I can do everything;" and almost sobbing she continued, "if you call this coming down, I thank God for it, for it has, in truth, been coming down to usefulnes, and happiness. With what our friends called misfortunes, we were the gainers every time. Was it not pleasanter to ride in the open carriage, to see what was about us, and feel the air and sunshine, than to be shut up in an old lumbering coach? And then to walk and have the advantage of air and exercise, and be useful at the same time is best of all. One room darkened another when we had a great house; now the light and sunshine comes in all around. Our expensive furniture required careful keeping, so I had the care of both furniture and servants; how I can keep the little we require myself, what was before wearisome, is now pleasure. I have no ceremoinous calls to use the time which I can pass in friendly interchange of thought and feeling, with neighbors who come to see me, and not my house or dress. Believe me husband—a house to shelter us, and one that is withal tasteful and pretty, and ground that gives us bread and fruit and water and flowers—all for a little work, and that is the blessedest of our provisions, for through no other means can we obtain rest."

"You are the best and noblest woman in the world," exclaimed the husband, interrupting her, "and but for you I should have come down in verity. Now I am convinced that while we maintain honesty and self-respect, coming down is impossible.",

It is sad to think of the great fine rooms piled one over another—too costly for ure, and too elegant for the free trade and inartificial joy—growing damp and mouldly, and sending to the hearts of their inmates heaviness or stupidity, when we know they might be set up separately and in green spots here and there, and make such little worlds of comforts. Pity it is that false notions at all, are so enfeebling and degenerating our men and women! How shall I spend the time? and by what process shall I beat my little gold so that it shall display the most glittering surface? are the first questions of the day.

Being in Debt.

It is a trite saying that the pen of genius can redeem the truest subject from its triteness.—A striking illustration of this is contained in the following observation of Henry Ward Beecher on the dry and hackneyed subject of interest. How miserably he paints the miseries of debt—what biting sharpness in the words—what pith and pregnancy in the sentences! He says "No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industrious none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its foot-steps, but travels fast It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound with a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him.—There is no crop that can afford to pay interest money on a farm. There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its root, whose blossoms are very prolific, and every flower is father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every single plant is like a platoon of bayonets, and a field full of them is like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to lie at ease on interest."

Children.

The smallest are nearest God - as the smallest plants are nearest the sun.

Rejoice now in your play, blooming children, through age you will bend beneath infirmities and grey hairs; and in that melancholy day, the days of infancy will be remembered. The western sky may indeed shut down the aurora, and the eastern glow may be reflected in the west; but the clouds become darker, and no second sun arises in life. Oh, rejoice, then children, in the rose color of the morning of life that glides by you like painted flowers fluttering to meet the sun.

Were I only for a time almighty and powerful, I would create a little world especially for myself, and suspend it under the mildest sun. A world where I would have nothing but lovely little children and I would never suffer these little things to grow up but only to play eternally. If a seraph were weary of heaven, or his golden pinions drooped, I would send him to dwell for a while in my happy infant world, and no angel, so long as he saw their innocence, could loose his own.

After all, children are the truest Jacob's ladder to a mother's heart.

A California Story.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the defendant's attorney, in a suit for debt which recently came off somewhere among the mines of California, "gentlemen of the jury, I want to tell you how this debt was contracted. Here is Mr. Brown, my client, who used to go into the store of Mr. Smith, in the evening after he had done his day's work, and Mr. Smith, knowing that he could beat him, would ask him to play cards; and when they were through, and he did beat him, he would charge Mr. Brown with the value of the article he played for, whether it was for the drinks, or a bied shirt, or what not. That's how this debt was contracted. Now, gentlemen of the jury, ought my client to pay it? There he is, poor, 'one-eyed' Brown, a hard working man; a man who gets his bread by the sweat of his brow; and there is 'picayune' Smith, got one-eyed Brown to play cards with him, *slipped up on the blind side of him and euchered him.*"

Things Two Hundred Years Hence.

(*Scene*—Parlor in the house of an elderly gent in New-York. Old gent telegraphs to the kitchen, and waiter ascends in a balon)

Old gent—John, fly over to South America, and tell Mr. Johnson that I will be happy to have him sup with me. Never mind your coat, now go.

John—Mr. Johnson says he will come; he has to go to the North Pole, for a moment and then he will be here.

Old gent—Very well, John. Now start the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her that Mr. Johnson is coming, then brush up my balloon for I have an engagement in London at 12 o'clock.

John flies off to execute his orders, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies a moment to get a fresh orange.

"Some Shaking."

Tom is a queer genius, and gets off some tall ones occasionally. He visited us the other day in our sanctum, with a

'How do you do, old fellow?'

'Hallow Tom,' said we, 'where have you been so long?'

'Why, sir, I have been down on Seven Rivers, in Anne Arundel county, taking Shanghai notes on the chills and fever.'

'Ah, indeed,' said we, 'are they very bad down there?'

'Rather bad,' said Tom, drily. There is one place where they have been attempting to build a brick house for eight weeks—well, the other day, as the hand were putting up the bricks preparatory to finishing it, they were taken with a chill, and shook the whole building completely down, and kept on shaking till the bricks were dust of the finest quality!—Just at that juncture, the chills came on with renewed force and they commenced shaking up the dust with such gusto that they were entirely obscured for two hours, and the people of the neighborhood thought the sun was in an eclipse.'

'Can't believe anything like that Tom.'

'It's a fact,' and Tom resumed:

'There's a farmer down there, who, in apple-picking season, hauls his niggers out to the orchard and sets one up against each tree. In a short time the chills come on, and every apple in the orchard is shaken off the trees on to the ground.'

'Incredible!' said we, holding our sides with both hands.

'Fact,' said Tom, 'they keep a man along side of each negro to take him away as soon as the fruit is off, for fear he will shake the tree down.

Tom continued: 'Mr, S——, friend of mine and a house carpenter, was engaged a few days ago in covering the roof of a house with shingles. Just as he was finishing, the chill came on and he shook every shingle off of the roof. Some of them are supposed to be flying about yet.

'Another gentleman near the same place was taken with a chill the other day at dinner and shook his knife and fork down his throat besides breaking all the crockery-ware on the table. His little son, who was setting at the same time, was taken with a chill and shook all the buttons off his inexpressibles, and then shook himself clear of them!'

We then prevailed upon Tom to desist, who did so, with the understanding that he was to give us the balance some other time.

Persons who think of emigrating to Anne Arundel county, Md., will please take notice.

"Say, yeou, got any Nails?"

A tall, gawky-looking countryman, during the hight of the business season last fall, walked into one of the largest wholesale dry goods houses on Broadway, and entirely disregarding the invitations of the numerous salesman to inspect the latest patterns, he strode into the counting room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in solemn conversation. After taking a cursory glance of the room, and surveying attentively the faces of its occupants, he asked with an unctious Yankee nasal twang:

"Say, yeou—got any nails?"

"Nails, sir, nails?" repeated the most dignified Dombey of the firm. "No, sir, what should we do with nails?"

"Waal, I dunno—thought maybe yeou mought. Haint got nails, eh?"

"*No sir,*" replied Dombey again, with an emphasis motioning to the door.

The individual in search of nails, took his time about it, and then left the counting-room. In turn he asked every clerk the same question, and received the information from all, that "nails" formed no part of the stock of the establishment.

"Waal," said he, going toward the door, "don't keep nails here, no how?"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that an establishment where he had a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding toward the entrance, asked him abruptly what he wanted.

"Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know ef you've *got any n-a-i-l-s?*"!

"Nails; no sir! You have been told again and again that we have got no nails—so you'd better go."

"Aint got no nails, eh? Waal, then, jest lookey here, Mister, ef yeou aint got no nails, what an awful fix yeou'd be in ef yeou'd happen to *get the itch.*"

Put That Impudent Rascal Out.

While the congregation were collected at church, on a certain occasion, an old, dark, hard featured, skin and bone individual was seen wending his way up the side and taking his seat near the pulpit. The officiating priest was one of that class who glorified in highfalutin plagarism. He began by saying:—"Father of all, in every age, by saint and by savage adored." "Pope," said some one, in a low but audible voice, near old hard features. The priest after casting an indignant look in the direction of the voice, continued: "Whose throne sitteth upon the adamantine hills of Paradse." "Milton," again interrupted the voice. The priest's lip quivered for a moment, but recovering himself, he began: "We thank thee most gracious Father, that we are permitted once more to assemble in thy holy name, while others equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from whence no traveler returns" "Shakspeare," repeated the voice.—This was too much. "Put that impudent rascal out!" shouted the priest. "Original," ejaculated the voice, in the same calm, but provoking manner.

WIFE'S RETARTER.—My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing an other woman's hair on your head,' said Mr. Smith to his wife.

'My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's* wool on your back.'

Poor Smith crawled under the bed and was not seen again till the bell rang for supper.

☞ An old clergyman, one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation, that he expected to go on a Mission to the *heathen*. One of the deacons, in great agitation exclaimed: "Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before; what shall we do?" "O, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of town."

SWALLOWED A TOWEL.—A girl in Indiana, the other day, was suspected of having stolen a napkin. It was found in her possession, but she crammed it into her mouth and swallowed it! Hurrah for Hoosier!

☞ When is it dangerous to walk in the field? When the trees are all shooting, and the bull-rushes out.

The Drunkard's Daughter.

That night I was out very late. I returned by Lee's cabin about 11 o'clock. As I approached I saw a strange looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling. It was late in autumn. I drew near and there was Millie wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had laid down to listen for the heavy snoring of his drunken slumbers, so that she might creep back to her bed. But before she heard it, nature seemed exhausted, and she fell into a troubled sleep with the rain drops pattering upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from my arms and returned to her own dark and silent cabin. Things went on so for weeks and months, but at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits to his self-denying child; and one day when he awoke from a heavy slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him and singing a childish song, he turned to her, and with a tone almost tender, said:

"Millie, what makes you stay with me!"

"Because you are my father and I love you."

"You love me! repeated the wretched man; *love me!*" He looked at his bloated limbs his soiled and ragged clothes; "love me" he still murmured—Millie what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard; every body else despises me. Why don't you?"

"Dear father" said the girl with swimming eyes, "mother taught me to love you, and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed and says, Millie' don't leave your father: Millie love your father. He will get away from that rum fiend one of these days, and then how happy you will be.

A Lawyer Posed.

"William, look up, and tell us who made you. Do you know?"

William, who was considered a fool, screwed his face, and looked thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, and slowly answered, "Moses, I 'spose."

"That will do. Now," said counsellor G., addressing the Court, "the witness says he supposes Moses made him. This certainly is an intelligent answer. More so than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of the Scriptures. But I submit, may it please the Court, that this is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness. No, sir, it is not such an answer as a witness qualified to test fy should give."

"Mr. Judge," said the fool, "may I ask the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," replied the Judge, "ask him any question you please."

"Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do you spose made you?"

"Aaron I 'spose," said the counsellor, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness exclaimed—

"Wal, now, we do read in the Good Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a thought that the tarnal critter had got in here?"

The poor counsellor was laughed down.

GOING PRETTY FAST.—An old man and his son, neither of them very well informed as to the railroads and their uses, chanced one day to be at work in a field very near a railroad track. Railroads were a novel "institution to them: and when a train of cars shot by a thought was suggested to the lad, who said to his parent: "Dad why don't you take a ride in the cars some day?" "Take a ride in the cars? Why, I haint got time, my son.' "Got time! thunder! Ye can go any where in the cars quicker than ye can stay at home.' Dad's reply is not on record.

☞ A traveler domiciling at a hotel, exclaimed one morning to a black waiter: 'What are you about, you black rascal! You have roused me from my sleep by telling me my breakfast was ready, and now you are attempting to strip off the bed clothes. What do you mean?' 'Why,' replied Pompey, 'if you isn't goin' to get up, I must hab the sheet anyhow, cos dey're waitin' for de table cloff'!

☞ Julia-maria ann Cauliflower says, 'when she fell in love, she felt as if she was sliding down an ice mountain on a little hand sled, with a chunk of rambow in her bosom as big as a pound of swan down, expecting to be landed in a lake of honey filled with island, all covered with posy-beds.' The thermometer being 28 degrees below zero, the gal did not faint.

☞ A physician, passing by a stone mason's shop, bawled out, "Good morning, Mr. D. Hard at work I see. You finish your grave stones as far as 'In memory of,' and then wait I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick, and you are doctering him—then I keep right on."

☞ Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher of his class. 'Because,' replied one, slily, 'they thought it a *good opening* for the young man.' Common-tators are requested not to avail themselves of this explanation, as a copyright has been secured.

☞ "Mrs. Quig, is your husband a know-nothing?" "I guess so, for he told me this morning that somebody had been making a fool of him."

☞ A colored clergyman in Albany, recently gave notice as follows from the pulpit:—"There will be four days meeting every evening this week, except Wednesday afternoon.

☞ A Hindoo council in Indiana refused to admit a gentleman to membership because he had a *Roman Nose*

☞ A model return upon a writ was recently made by a deputy sheriff in Darke county, Ohio. It was—'Served the within but was fit with brickbats by the women so that I couldn't serve it.'

☞ Men are like bugles, the more brass they contain the farther you can hear them. Women are like tulips, the more modest and retiring they appear the better you love them.

☞ A poor Irishman who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust replied: "Ah, sure it isn't much character a man needs to sell rum."

☞ Why is the life of an editor like the book of Revelations? Because it is full of "types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, is ever saying to him—*write.*"

☞ We agree with a cotemporary that young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors; they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the Press.*

REV. CHAS. WADSWORTH'S SERMON.

SLAVERY.—We recently gave several extracts from the eloquent Thanksgiving Sermon delivered by this philanthropic Christian Divine, and now give his views upon Southern Slavery, which we recommend to the attention of those fanatical Abolitionists who seek to destroy the temple of liberty, in order to gratify their own morbid sympathy. The three thousand New England Clergymen may here receive a profitable lesson, while they endure a wholesome rebuke. On the subject of Negro Slavery, he says:

Nor, on the whole, have we any more serious apprehensions of disaster from that everlastingly vexed question of *Southern Slavery*. The cry of danger to our Federal Union, from this cause, is, at most, the false alarm of oversleept watchmen, who in the somnambulism of a half dream, mistake the sighs of winds through the banner, for the stealthy tread of armed men, or the far peal of trumpets. We do not say that this great confederacy can never, fo any cause, be rent into fragments, and instead of one glorious commonwealth, there arise on its ruin, with all their anarchial and revolutionary accessories, two smaller confederacies, like the miserable military republics of South America. Cause may, indeed, arise in the providence of an avenging God, which shall rock our proud nationality into dust, and bury in the grave of our free institutions, at once the liberties of all people, and the hopes of a world. This all may happen, as we shall insist upon, from the operation of the principles of the text—that God will surely displace and destroy every instrument that works not out the purpose of its establishment.

We might say, indeed, that this Union can *never be dissolved;* because it is the result of a great organic law, which makes it, as the different members of a common body, by the great principle of a common life, one and indissoluable forever—not a conglomerate of States, but a great and composite Nation.—Nevertheless, as violence may destroy a common life by a disservance of its members, so this Union, while it cannot be peacefully *dissolved*, like an ice hill in the sun, may yet be rent into fragments, as a mountain is rent by an earthquake. We do not say that this shall never happen, but this we do say, with the clearest, the calmest, and the most assured confidence, that this question of Southern Slavery is not the earthquake that has power to sever us.

There has been, indeed, since Solomon's time a regular descent of men, "from whom, though brayed in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle, yet foolishness will not depart."—Impracticable and malignant fools, who, like Herostratus, would gain for themselves immortal infamy, by the destruction of glorious structures like the Ephesian Temple Diana.—And such are the men, who, for the sake of black men scattered thinly over the continent, would destroy this confederacy; and for the abstract and imaginary right of a poor fragment of a race—to whom its exercise, if practicable, were destructive and disasterous—would madly destroy the last hope of a world's salvation, and bring down, upon all races, the burden of ancestral bondage, adamantine and forever. Nevertheless, with such men, the great Anglo-American mind has no sympathy whatever. The question of slavery is, confessedly, a perplexing and disturbing thing in our body politic, and about it men differ honestly and widely, but their is one greater and grander question, about which the overwhelming and increasing majority of this people never have differed, never will differ, and that is *a steadfast and inflexible purpose, to preserve with all their energies and their heart's best blood, their glorious Union indissolubie and forever!*

Slavery is confessedly an evil, which no man more deeply feels, and more ingeniously acknowledges, than the intelligent slave-holder to whom the evil was a birth right—and to get rid of the thing without disadvantage to the two races is a problem perplexing all Christian philosophy. If true to ourselves, the God who hath relieved us from sorer evils will work out this problem, and in the end make manifest to the world, His hidden purpose of wisdom and love in that mysterious dispensation whereby these children of Africa have been permitted to bondage. Meanwhile about expedients for removing this evil, so that the black man and the white man shall be mutually advantaged, there may be—and till God reveal his own hidden wisdom there must be—honest and hearty differences; and yet none but a fanatic or a fiend, ever thought seriously, for one moment, of solving the problem by dissolving the Union; for, in the first place, such dissolution, so far from freeing the slave, would leave him more hopeless y a bondmen in a great southern military confederacy. And secondly even if it resulted in the abolition of slavery it would be treating an evil on the old heroic plan of setting fire to a house to get rid of a broken sash, or cutting off a man's head to cure his arm of paralysis.

Oh, No! No! indeed No! Our national bark may be driven, by God's storms, into shipwreck, but it will not be on this poor pebble of negro slavery, we break up piece-meal.—We have already escaped a thousand mightier dangers. When the old thirteen colonies arose against British oppression there were three millions of people, scattered along a wild seaboard, and even then, they braved the pressure of dissevered counsels—of party jealousies—of State quarrels—of sectional encroachments on a central government—of destroyed cities—of stagnant commerce—of burned and blight harvests—of paralysed industry—of a crushing burden of debt, and of a disaffected and dissolute soldiery. All this great burden they bore triumphantly, through the long conflict with the mightiest war power of the world. And if thus and then, a nation only in form and name, with little of the vitality of her subsequent national life—America only grew stronger under this pressure in all those elements that now constitute her glory; tell me, if now, standing erect and mature in the full grandeur of her strength, she cannot, against the empty breath of a thousand fools, bear onward unbroken nay unbent, this poor fardel of slavery. On! away with the doubt, let it come from what quarter it may; let it assume what form it will, of philanthropy of religion, it should be trampled sternly under foot as a hissing reptile; and the man who even in a whisper dares to speak of disunion as a possible and practicable thing, should be spurned from the face of all honest men into infamy and exile, *as a traitor to his Country and an infidel to his God.*

☞ A correspondent of the N. Y. Mirrow thinks it a pity that Horace Greely has not a middle name beginning with O., that his initials might represent his manners.

☞ If you would get along in the world, you must hold up your head, even if you know that there is not much in it.

☞ The attorney who "moved the Court," strained his back in the effort, and has kept his bed ever since.